

DARE-
DEVIL

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©

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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

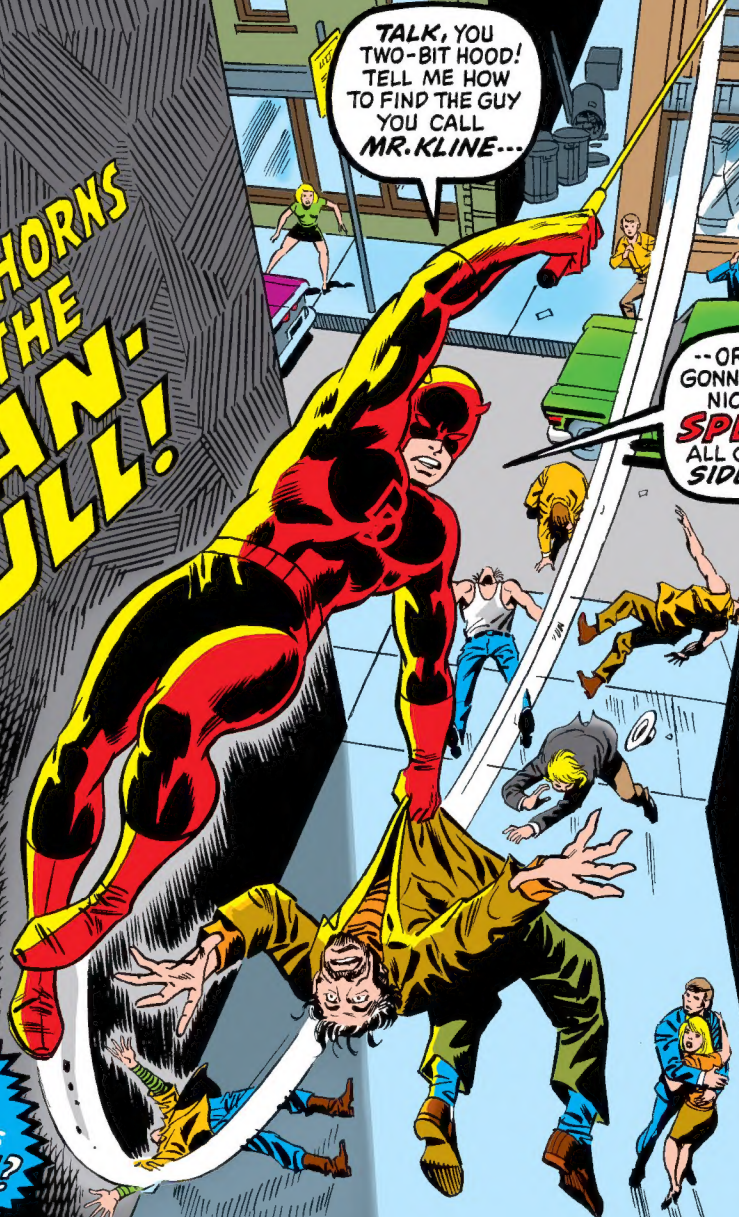
MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP

ON THE HORNS
OF THE
MAN-
BULL!

WHO
IS THE
MYSTERIOUS
MR. KLINE?

TALK, YOU
TWO-BIT HOOD!
TELL ME HOW
TO FIND THE GUY
YOU CALL
MR. KLINE...

-- OR YOU'RE
GONNA MAKE A
NICE BIG
SPLAT..
ALL OVER THE
SIDEWALK!



DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

THE HORNS OF THE BULL!

KAREN...!

JOE SMITH IN
TENDER AFFAIR
WITH
KAREN PAGE

HER FIRST MOVIE--
I KNOW IT'S PLAYING
AT THE THEATER
I'M PASSING.

KAREN-- WHY
CAN'T I CUT YOU
OUT OF MY
MIND? WHY CAN'T
I FORGET YOU
EVER EXISTED?

-- AND THAT ONCE--
YOU WERE THE GIRL
I CALLED LOVE.

YOUR NAME IS
MATT MURDOCK
-- AND YOU'RE BLIND
-- BUT NOT IN THE WAY
OF OTHER SIGHTLESS
MEN. NO-- FOR YOU, THE
DARKNESS NEVER LIFTS
-- IT'S ONLY SLIGHTLY
LIGHTENED -- LIGHT-
ENED BY THE GIFT
OF THE "RADAR
SENSES" THAT
LET YOU-- "SEE!"

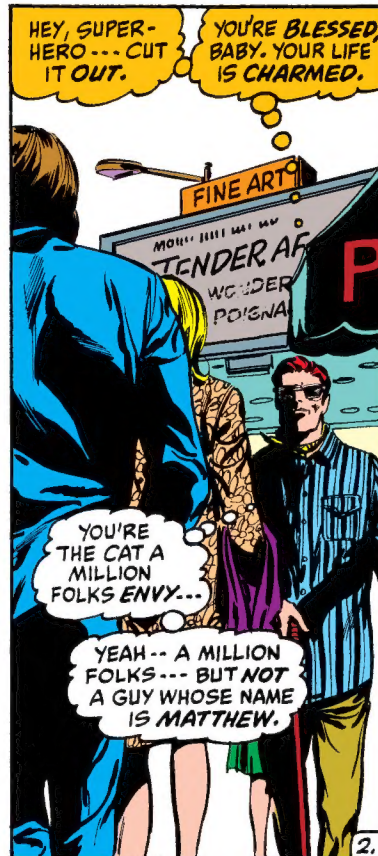
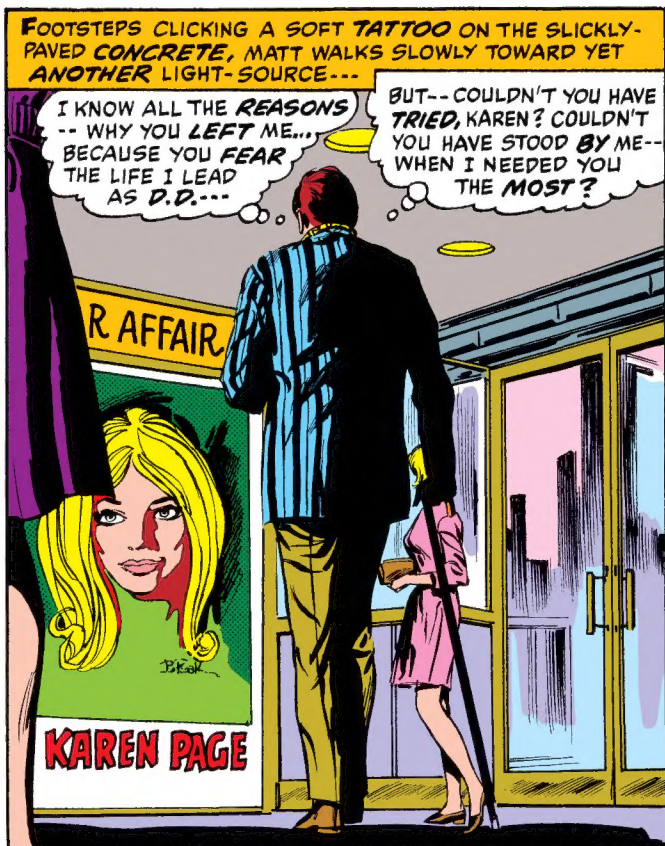
YOUR NAME IS MATT
MURDOCK-- AND YOU'RE
BLIND-- BUT IT'S A
SIGHTLESSNESS YOU
LIVE WITH-- FOR YOU'RE
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR--
DAREDEVIL!

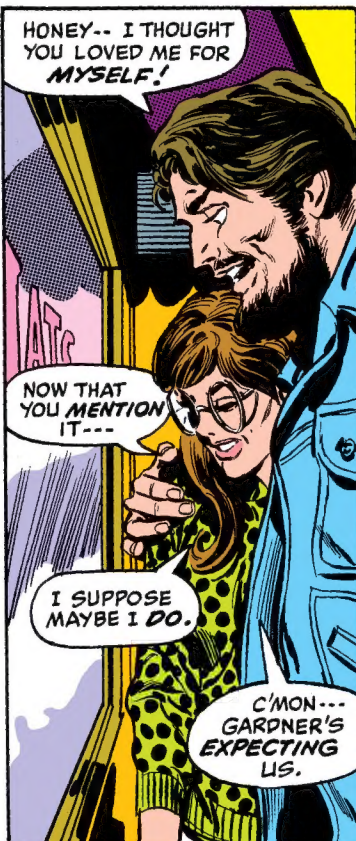
FOR EACH OF US, A MOMENT OF
GENTLENESS. THIS MOMENT OF
MATT IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

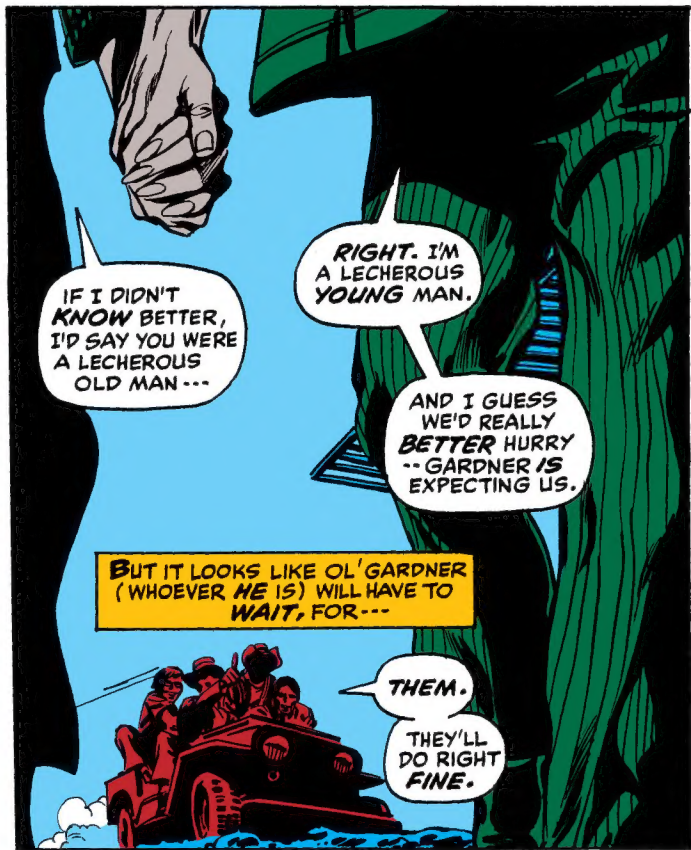
STAN LEE • GERRY CONWAY • GENE COLAN
EDITOR • WRITER • ARTIST

TOM PALMER INKER • SAM ROSEN LETTERER

591 Z











UH-OHH--- NO MORE **TIME** FOR **CHARMING** YOURSELF, MATTHEW, LAD---

THAT'S A FAR-OFF CRY FOR **HELP!**



RADAR SENSES... I **LOVE** YOU.

YOU PULL ME OUT OF **MORE** SELF-PITY FISTS THAN I'VE ENERGY TO **COUNT**.



WHAT IS THAT SPECIAL **PART** OF A MAN, THAT LETS HIM **ABANDON** HIS OWN PROBLEMS, AND TAKE ON THOSE OF **ANOTHER**---

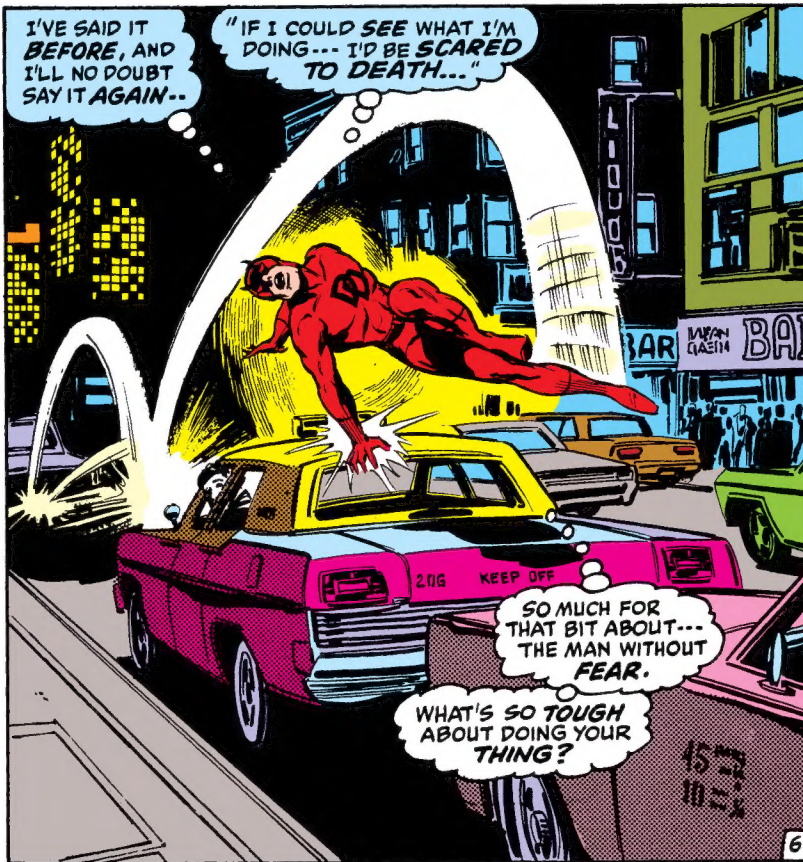
WHAT IS THAT **GIFT**--- WHICH **OPENS** A SOUL CLOSED BY THE RANDOM CUTS OF **PAIN**?

WHAT **GIVES** US MEN LIKE **MATT MURDOCK**, WHO CAN **SHED** THEIR PRIVATE LIVES LIKE A SUIT OF **CLOTHING**---



-- AND BECOME-- MEN LIKE **DAREDEVIL**?

YOU'RE LOOKING AT **US??** WE JUST **WORK** HERE.

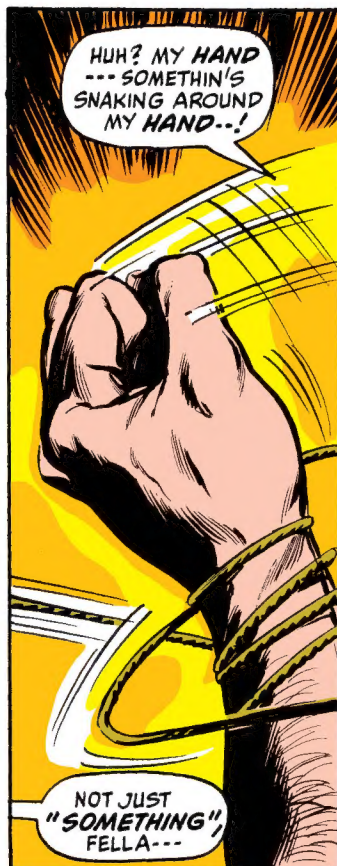


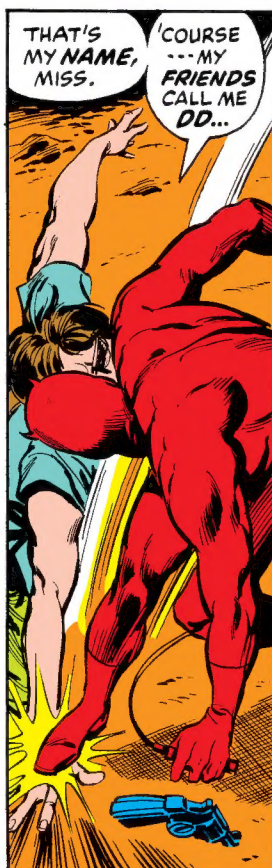
I'VE SAID IT **BEFORE**, AND I'LL NO DOUBT SAY IT **AGAIN**--

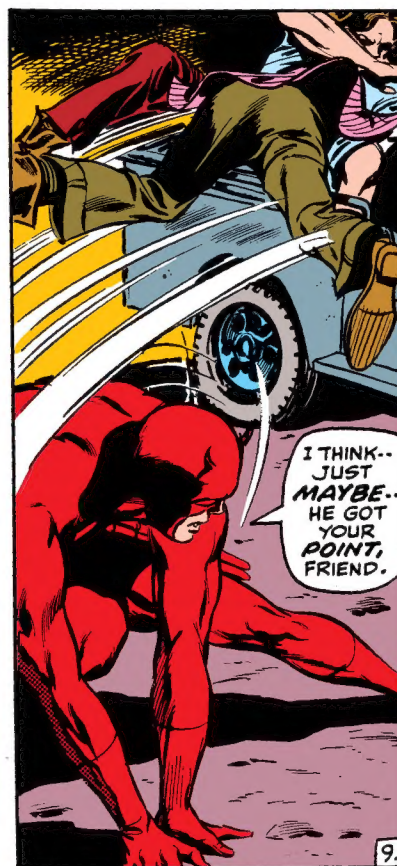
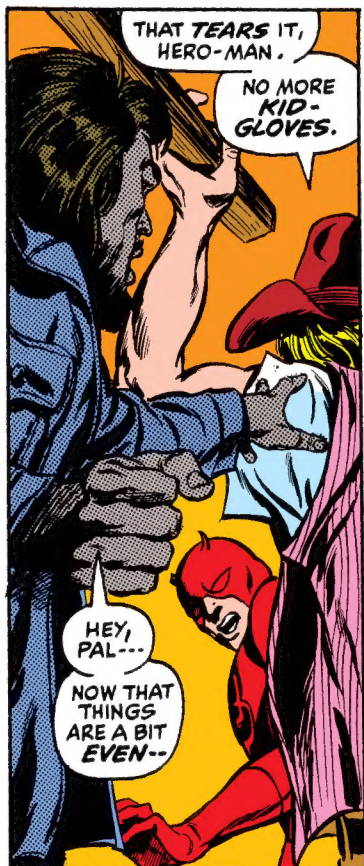
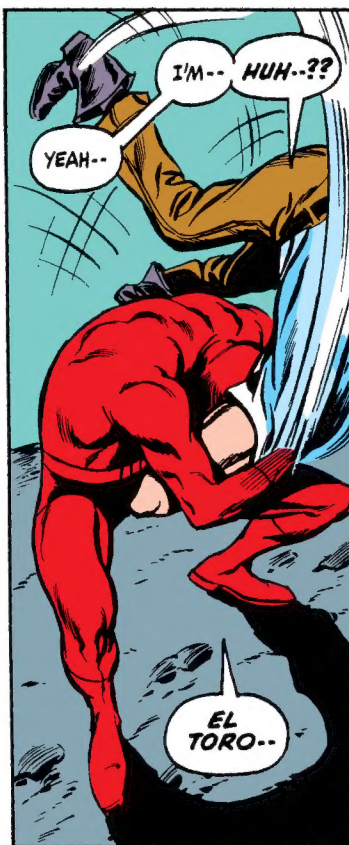
"IF I COULD SEE WHAT I'M DOING--- I'D BE **SCARED** TO **DEATH**..."

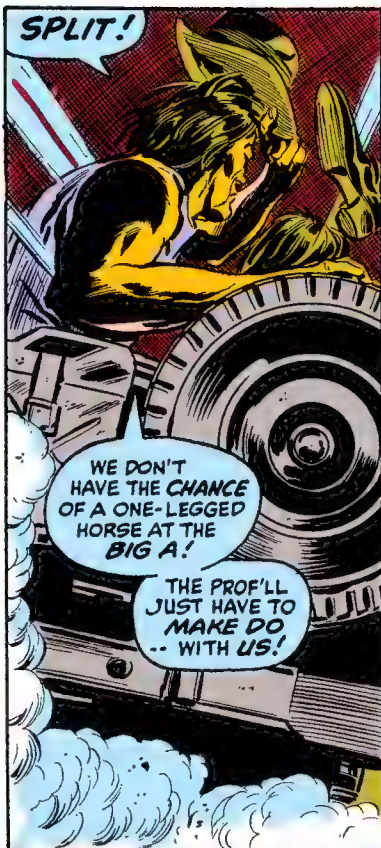
SO MUCH FOR THAT BIT ABOUT--- THE MAN WITHOUT **FEAR**.

WHAT'S SO **TOUGH** ABOUT DOING YOUR **THING**?





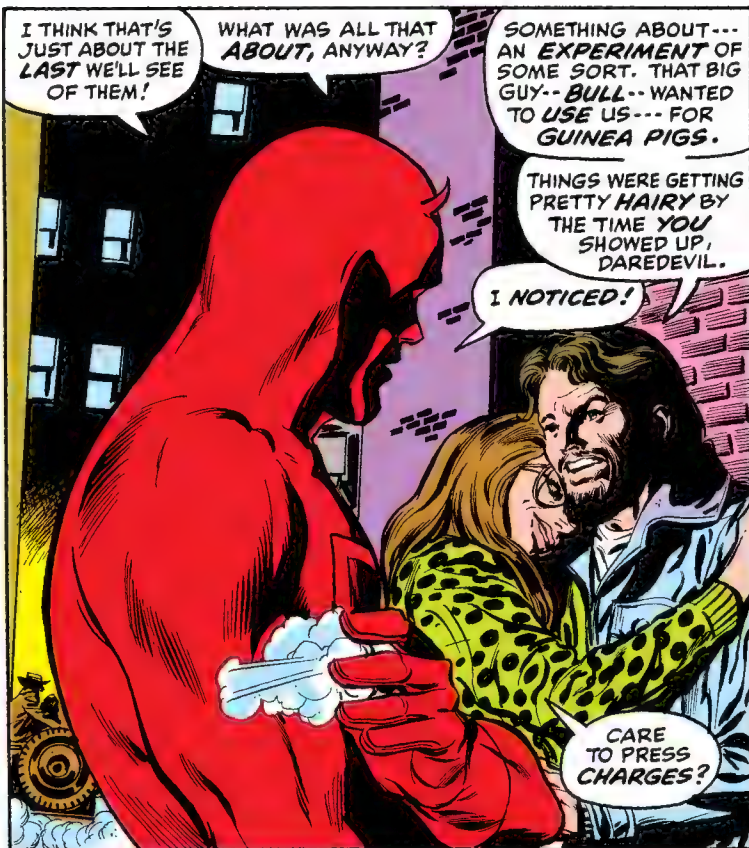




SPLIT!

WE DON'T HAVE THE CHANCE OF A ONE-LEGGED HORSE AT THE BIG A!

THE PROF'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO -- WITH US!



I THINK THAT'S JUST ABOUT THE LAST WE'LL SEE OF THEM!

WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT, ANYWAY?

SOMETHING ABOUT... AN EXPERIMENT OF SOME SORT. THAT BIG GUY-- **BULL**-- WANTED TO USE US--- FOR GUINEA PIGS.

THINGS WERE GETTING PRETTY HAIRY BY THE TIME YOU SHOWED UP, DAREDEVIL.

I NOTICED!

CARE TO PRESS CHARGES?



PLAY THE ESTABLISHMENT GAME? WEIRD---!

YEAH. WELL, I SUPPOSE SO. MY NAME'S GEORGE ---GEORGE ALEC---

AND THIS HERE PIECE OF PULCHRITUDE IS MY WIFE, DIA.

COME ON, KIDS.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS A FRIEND OF MINE.



WHAT GIVES US THE SUFFERERS... THE ONES WHOSE SHORT LIVES SEEM DOOMED EVER TO BE MARKED BY IRONY...?

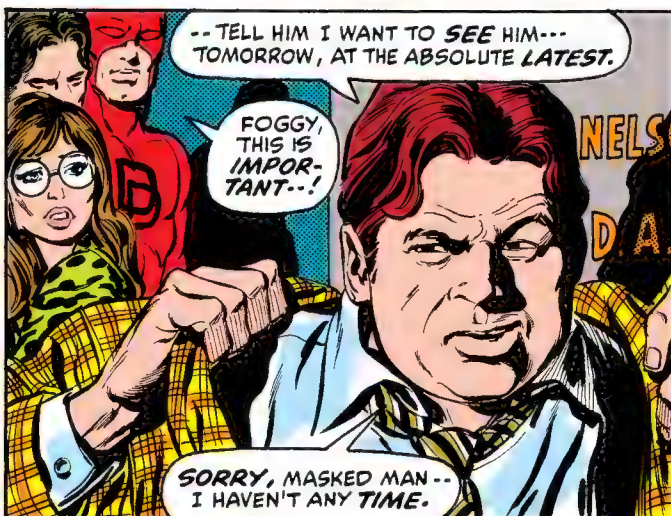
LOOK AT THEM, MATTHEW-- THEY'RE EVERYTHING YOU'RE NOT WITH KAREN--

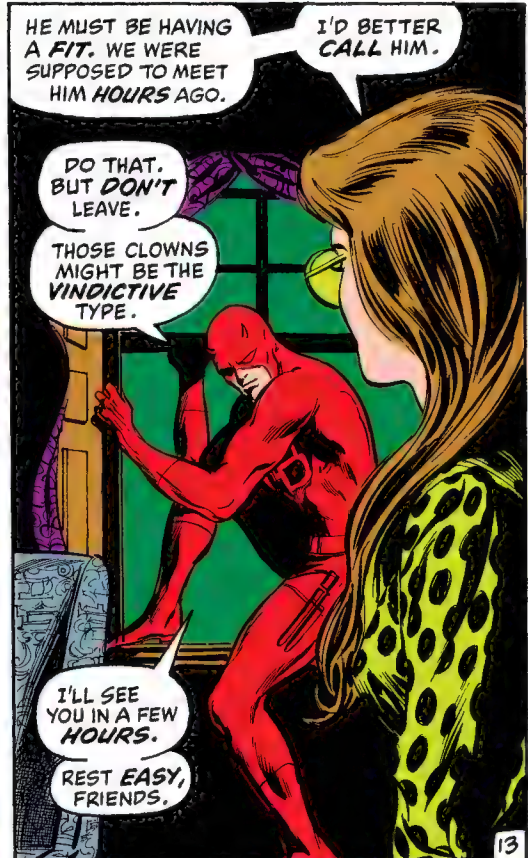
HAPPY.. MARRIED.. TOGETHER.

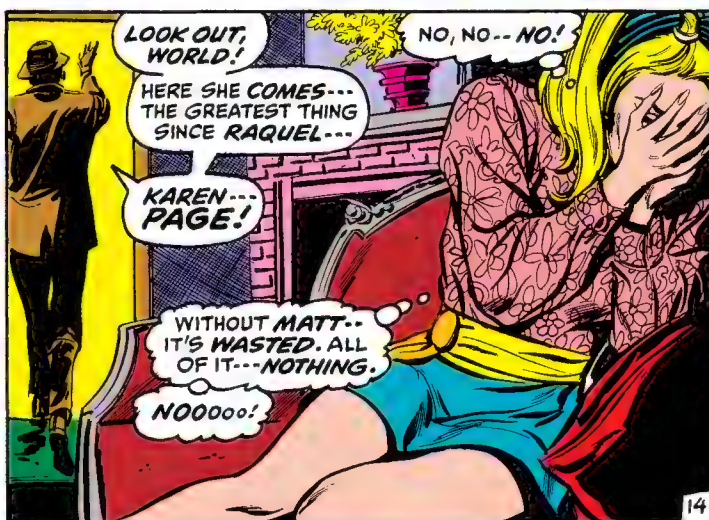
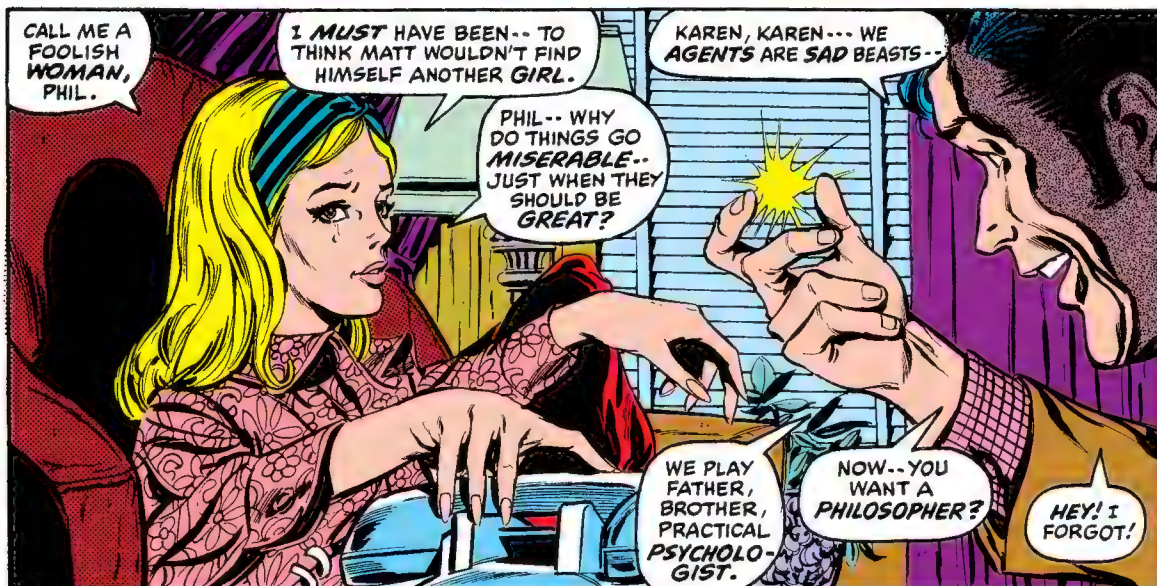
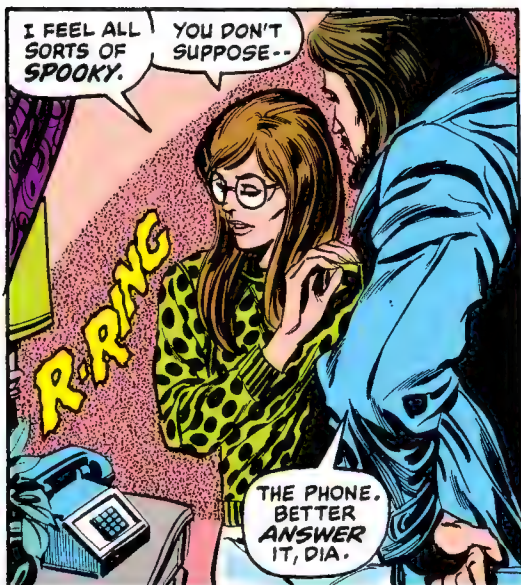
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR LIFE, MURDOCK?

WHY CAN'T YOU MAKE IT?

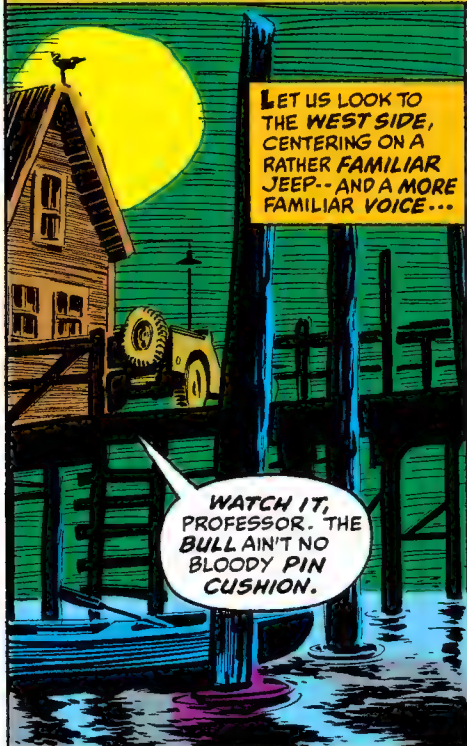
NO ANSWERS. SILENCE IS PART OF THE GAME. 10







BUT LET US *DEPART* THE SCENE OF KAREN'S PAIN-- AND TAKE OURSELVES TO *ANOTHER* PORT IN THE STORM OF REALITY...



LET US LOOK TO THE WEST SIDE, CENTERING ON A RATHER FAMILIAR JEEP-- AND A MORE FAMILIAR VOICE...

WATCH IT, PROFESSOR. THE BULL AIN'T NO BLOODY PIN CUSHION.

PLEASE, MR. TAURUS--- I AM AS UNHAPPY ABOUT THIS--- CHANGE IN PLANS-- AS YOU.

BUT-- MISTER KLINE FOOTS BOTH OUR BILLS---AND WE MUST DO AS HE TELLS US!



RIGHT, QUACK!

I GUESS IT WAS MY FAULT THE GUINEA PIGS SLIPPED AWAY---

JUST HURRY, HUH?

SO I'M KINDA RESIGNED--- TO TAKING WHATEVER IT IS YOU GOT IN THAT NEEDLE--IN THEIR PLACE.

I WAS DISMISSED FROM CAMBRIDGE---

BECAUSE I HURRIED. I'LL TAKE MY TIME, MR. TAURUS.



AND YOU--- SHALL TAKE YOURS.

EEYYOWWWW!

WHAT'S IN IT... KETCHUP?

NO, MISTER TAURUS--- NOT QUITE.



HEY--- PROFFESS-- ORRR---

THINGS.. ARE LOOKING--

KINDAAA CRRRAAAA-ZZZZIIIEEEE!

IF THE BULL WERE IN ANY CONDITION TO CARE, HE'D BE MOST GRATIFIED TO KNOW, THAT AT THIS VERY MOMENT---

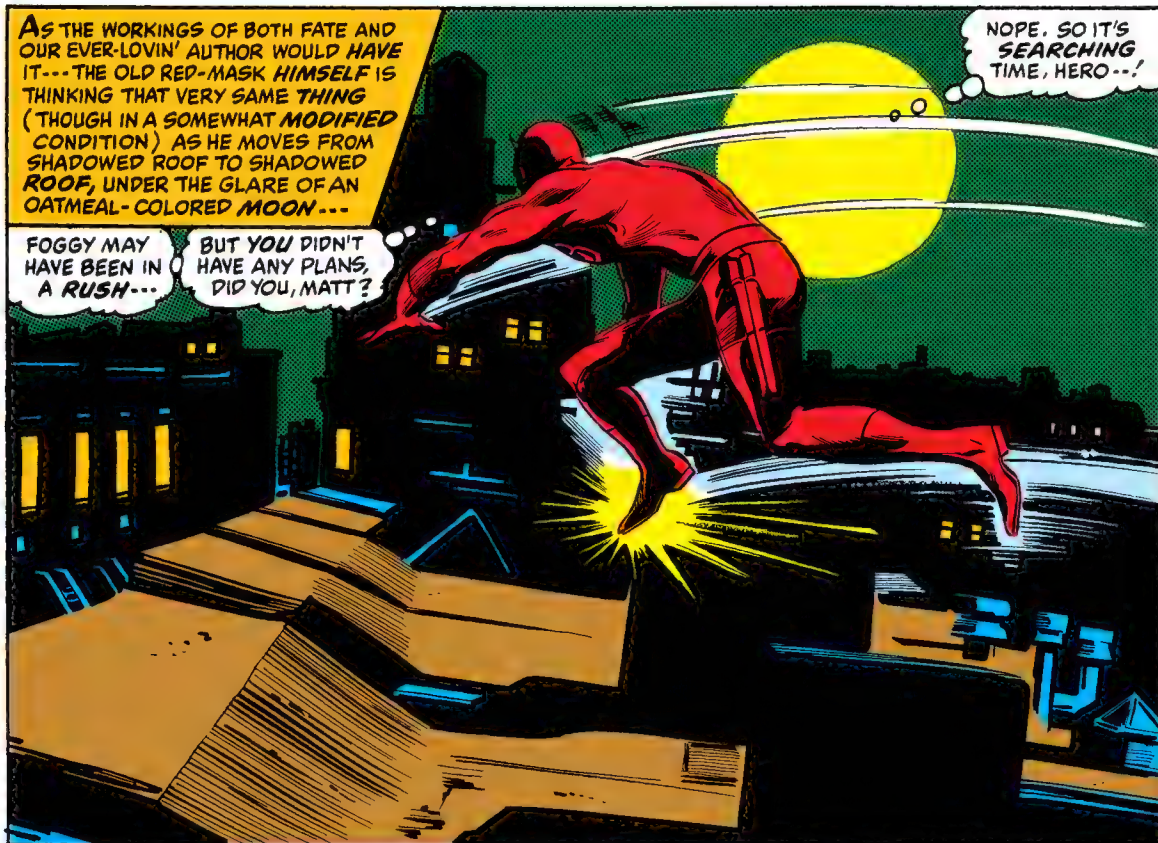
C'MON, ITCH.

LET'S GET US THOSE FREAKS FOR WHAT THEY'RE MAKING OL' BULL GO THRU.



YEH--- PAREDEVIL AN' HIS TWO HIPPIE FRIENDS.

BULL'D LIKE THAT.

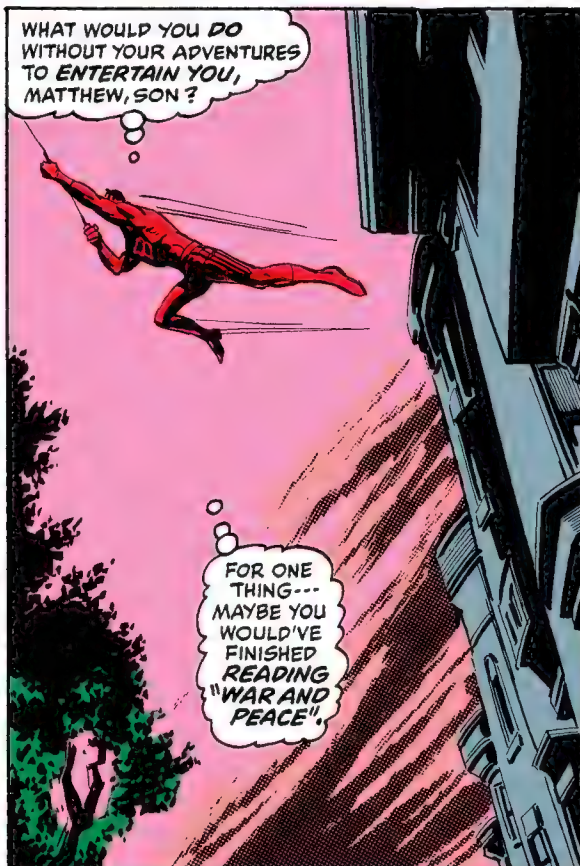


AS THE WORKINGS OF BOTH FATE AND OUR EVER-LOVIN' AUTHOR WOULD HAVE IT---THE OLD RED-MASK HIMSELF IS THINKING THAT VERY SAME **THING** (THOUGH IN A SOMEWHAT **MODIFIED** CONDITION) AS HE MOVES FROM SHADOWED ROOF TO SHADOWED ROOF, UNDER THE GLARE OF AN OATMEAL-COLORED MOON---

FOGGY MAY HAVE BEEN IN A **RUSH**---

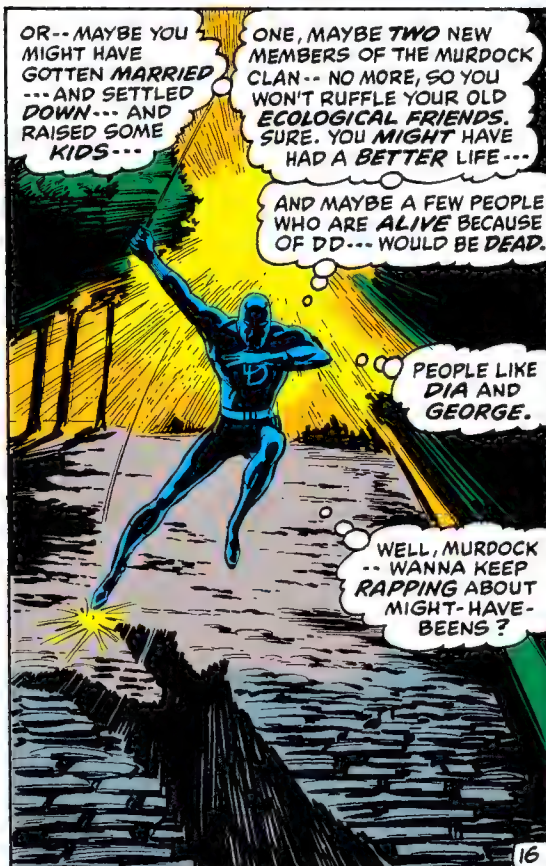
BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY PLANS, DID YOU, MATT?

NOPE. SO IT'S **SEARCHING** TIME, HERO--!



WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT YOUR ADVENTURES TO ENTERTAIN YOU, MATTHEW, SON?

FOR ONE THING--- MAYBE YOU WOULD'VE FINISHED READING "WAR AND PEACE".



OR-- MAYBE YOU MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN **MARRIED** ---AND SETTLED DOWN--- AND RAISED SOME **KIDS**---

ONE, MAYBE **TWO** NEW MEMBERS OF THE MURDOCK CLAN-- NO MORE, SO YOU WON'T RUFFLE YOUR OLD **ECOLOGICAL** FRIENDS. SURE. YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD A **BETTER** LIFE---

AND MAYBE A FEW PEOPLE WHO ARE **ALIVE** BECAUSE OF DD--- WOULD BE **DEAD**.

PEOPLE LIKE DIA AND GEORGE.

WELL, MURDOCK -- WANNA KEEP **RAPPING** ABOUT MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS?



OR DO YOU WANT TO
THINK ABOUT THAT
JEEP YOU'VE BEEN
HEARING?

HEARING...
FOR ABOUT
FIVE
MINUTES.

HEARING...
AS IT COMES
THIS WAY!

YOUR NAME IS MATT MURDOCK,
AND YOU'RE A **BLIND** MAN---
BUT YOU'RE BLIND IN A VERY
SPECIAL WAY.

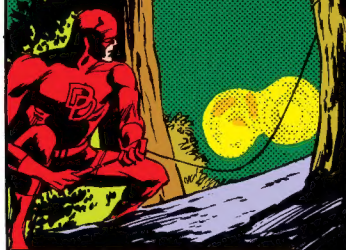


YOU DON'T SEE **YOURSELF** FOR
WHAT YOU **ARE**-- AND BECAUSE
YOU DON'T, YOU **BLAME** YOUR-
SELF--- FOR BEING **HONEST**
TO YOUR **IDEALS**.

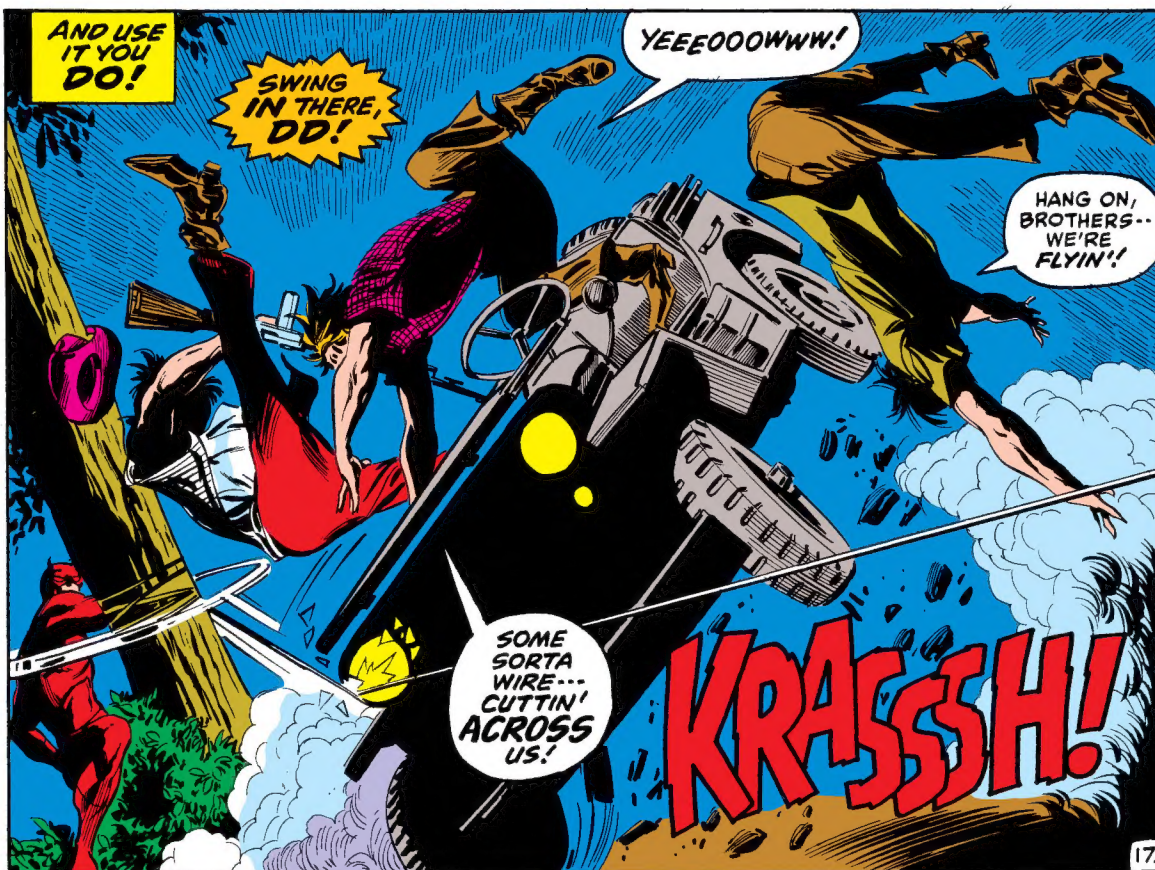
WHAT **CHOICE** DID YOU HAVE,
MURDOCK? ANSWER: NO
CHOICE AT **ALL**.

YOU'RE **DAREDEVIL**
--- AND **THAT** IS A
WHOLE LOT **BIGGER**
THAN YOUR **DESIRES**.

YOU'RE JUST A
TRUSTEE, BABY.
YOU WERE GIVEN
A **GIFT**...



--- AND YOU'RE EXPECTED
TO **USE IT**!



AND USE
IT YOU
DO!

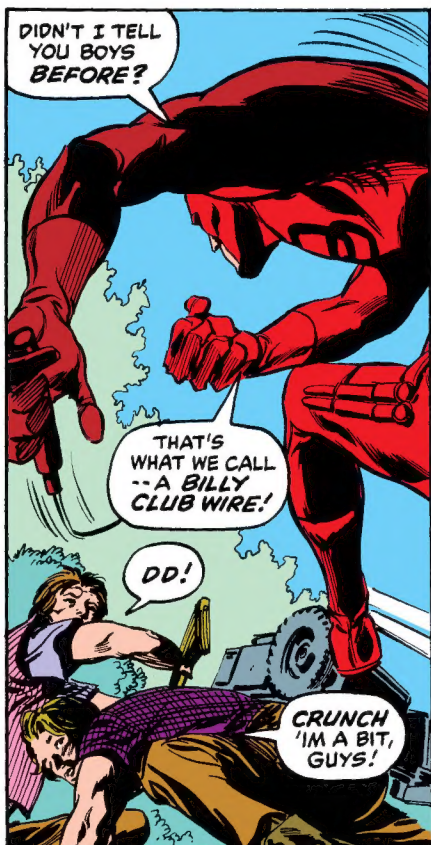
**SWING
IN THERE,
DD!**

YEEEOOOWWW!

HANG ON,
BROTHERS--
WE'RE
FLYIN'!

SOME
SORTA
WIRE---
CUTTIN'
ACROSS
US!

KRASSSH!



DIDN'T I TELL
YOU BOYS
BEFORE?

THAT'S
WHAT WE CALL
--A BILLY
CLUB WIRE!

DD!

CRUNCH
'IM A BIT,
GUYS!



SORRY, FELLAS-- BUT I'M
NOT IN A VICTIM MOOD,
TONIGHT.

I THINK I'LL JUST
BRING YOU BOYS
TO THE LOCAL
PRECINCT--



---AND LET THE
GENTS *THERE*
HANDLE ALL THE
CLEANING
UP.

SAY--- DO MY LITTLE EYES
PERCEIVE ONE OF YOUR
NUMBER *MISSING*?

WHAT HAPPENED TO
EL TORO?

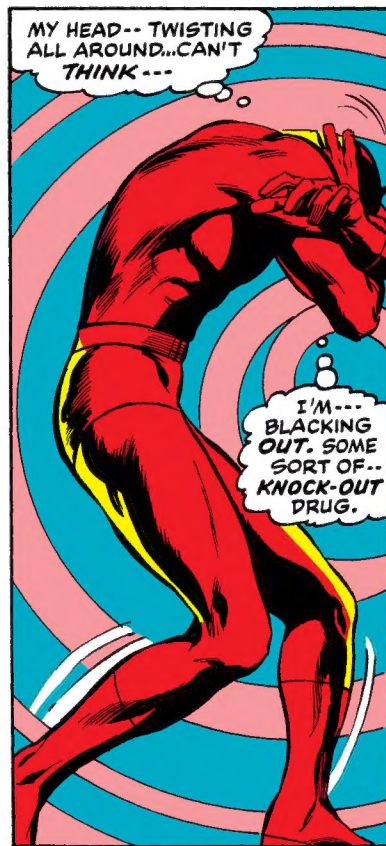
OR
SHOULDN'T
I ASK?

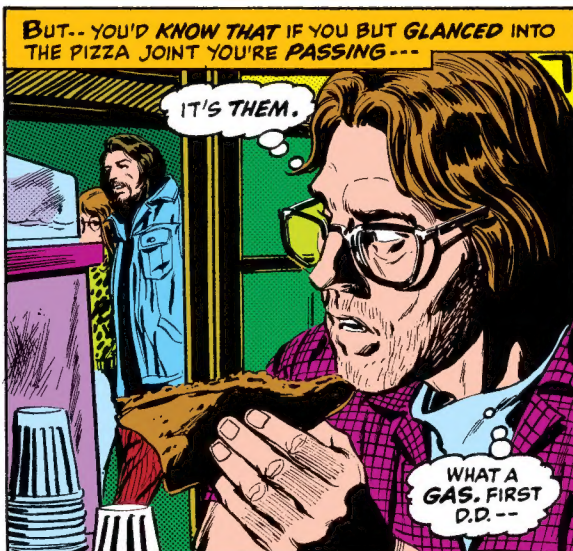


ASK ALL YOU *WANT*,
HORN-HEAD. BULL'S
FAT IS IN THE *FIRE*
'CAUSE OF YOU
AND THOSE TWO
CREEPS---

AN' TONIGHT, BABE--
YOU'RE SURE GONNA
PAY!

FREAK-
FACE WILL
SEE TO
THAT.





NEXT ISSUE: THE MAN.. AND THE MINOTAUR.